

"I wonder who is playing so beautifully on Mrs. Newlywed's new piano?"

"I saw it delivered by a Cable Piano Company's wagon last week, but I'm sure Mrs. Newlywed told me she could not play, and—why, that sounds like Liszt himself."

"I believe I'll run next door and see Mrs. Newlywed."

"Now, isn't that perfectly wonderful. I thought some very great pianist was playing, and it is really you—What? You are not playing an ordinary piano—and this is

The INNER-PLAYER Piano?

A liberal allowance made on Upright Pianos taken in exchange.

"Well, wonders will never cease, and neither will I until William buys one for me."

Just think of the pleasure to be had by being able at any time to play upon the Inner-Player Piano any one of thousands of pieces of music as well as an accomplished musician, who has spent years in study and practice, can play upon an ordinary piano.

It is almost unbelievable. No; this is not a music box or a mechanical attachment hooked on to a cheap piano. It is a fine piano containing within its case (of ordinary size) a marvellous device, which can at will be brought into action, thus enabling any person to play any piece of music.

The Inner-Player Piano makes you musically independent.

Call at the salesrooms of the Cable Piano Company and investigate fully.

(To Be Continued in Next Sunday's Times-Dispatch.)



words: "In the award of the next prize, for which provision was made by the Atlanta convention, every safeguard will be observed, the president seeing more clearly her duty in this matter. So let us cease to attach blame to any, for it is the motive that constitutes the vital part of wrongdoing; and if censure be the keynote of life, who shall be blameless. We are among the people looking to the erection of the monument to the spirit of Robert E. Lee."

SEERANT RICHARD KIRKLAND.

The Confederate Soldier Who Risked His Life to Give Water to His Dying Foes—A Fountain to Be Erected in His Honor.

Mr. Robert M. Kennedy, superintendent of the city schools of Camden, S. C., has inaugurated a movement among the pupils looking to the erection of the monument to the spirit of Robert E. Lee.

General Kershaw, one of the best of our Confederate generals, whose division covered itself with glory at the battle of Fredericksburg, and upon many other hard-fought fields in Virginia, left the following record of Kirkland's brave deed, written with "the rigid simplicity of actual truth," every feature of which was indelibly impressed on his memory.

The Charleston News and Courier published the story about thirty years ago, but I am sure, our readers will be glad to read it again, and to learn that a fountain will be erected in Camden to keep it fresh in the memory of his people.

men, hurled vainly against that impregnable position.

All that day those wounded men rent the air with their groans and agonizing cries of "Water! Water!" In the afternoon, the general was in the north room upstairs, of Mrs. Stevens' house, in front of the road, surveying the field, when Kirkland came up. With an expression of indignant remonstrance pervading his person, his manner, and the tone of his voice, he said, "General, I can't stand this."

"What is the matter, Sergeant?" asked the general.

He replied: "All night and all day I have heard those poor people crying for water, and I can stand it no longer. I come to ask permission to go and give them water."

The general thought him for a moment with feelings of profound admiration, and said:

"Kirkland, don't you know that you would get a bullet through your head the moment you stepped over the wall?"

"Yes, sir," he said, "I know all about that; but, if you will let me, I am willing to try it."

After a pause, the general said: "Kirkland, I ought not to allow you to run such a risk, but the sentiment which actuates you is so noble, that I will not refuse your request, trusting that God may protect you. You may go."

The sergeant's eyes lighted up with pleasure. He said: "Thank you, sir," and ran rapidly downstairs. The general heard him pause for a moment, and then return, bounding two steps at a time. He thought the sergeant's heart had failed him. He was mistaken. The sergeant stopped at the door and said: "General, can I show a white handkerchief?"

The general slowly shook his head, saying emphatically: "No, Kirkland, you can't do that."

"All right, sir," he said, "I'll take the chances," and he ran down with a smile on his handsome countenance. With profound anxiety he was watched as he stepped over the wall on the errand of mercy—Christ-like mercy. Unharmful he reached the nearest fence. He knelt beside him, tenderly raised the drooping head, rested it gently upon his own noble breast, and poured the precious life-giving fluid down the fever-scorched throat. This done, he laid him gently down, placed his knapsack under his head, straightened out his broken limb, and his eyes closed over him, replaced his empty canteen with a full one, and turned to another sufferer. By this time his purpose was well understood on both sides, and all danger was over. From all parts of the field arose fresh cries of "Water, water! For God sake, water!" More piteous still, the mute appeal of some who could only feebly lift a hand to say, here, too, is life and suffering.

For an hour and a half did this ministering angel pursue his labor of mercy, nor ceased to go and return until he had relieved all the wounded on that part of the field. He returned wholly unhurt. Who shall say how sweet his rest that winter's night beneath the cold stars!

Little remains to be told. Sergeant Kirkland distinguished himself in battle at Gettysburg, and was promoted lieutenant. At Chickamauga he fell on the field of battle, in the hour of victory. He was but a youth when called away, and had never formed those ties from which might have resulted a posterity to enjoy his fame and bless his country; but he has bequeathed to the American youth, yes to the world, an example which dignifies our common humanity.

Washington and Lincoln. The extravagant and indiscriminate laudation of Mr. Lincoln evoked by the recent centennial celebration of his birth is not more commendable than the same historical category. Comrade Shepard must remember, too, that it is natural, if not commendable, in the North to idealize Mr. Lincoln, and to make their gods out of the best men of the time.

We give Mr. Shepard's letter as introduction to his article:

R. W. H.

Columbia, Tenn., March 8, 1909.

Major R. W. Hunter, Richmond, Va.: My Dear Sir,—Being a subscriber to The Times-Dispatch, I read with pleasure your Confederate page. I was a Confederate soldier from April, 1861, to May, 1865, ending at Greensboro, N. C. From an address of yours before Lee Camp, I believe you are still a true Confederate. It mortifies me to the home to read of the victory, and I have written the enclosed hoping you will think it worthy to be placed on the Confederate page of The Times-Dispatch. If not in your page The Times-Dispatch may put it elsewhere.

You have been in the victory, and I was wounded in my arm, and writing with difficulty; besides, I am getting to be an old man, and not a literary man. You know it is a part of a Virginian's religion to tell him he is from Buckingham county, Va.

Very truly,
N. B. SHEPARD.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

The recent one-hundredth birthday of Abraham Lincoln has been the occasion of giving to his name by his admirers a flood-tide of praise rarely if ever given to any man.

No flaw is confessed in his life or character, no mistake in his political career conceded; not a wrong act blenishes his lifelong conduct. Washington and Lincoln stand as "four squares" as the greatest Americans.

Think of it! Lincoln on a plane with Washington. And not a voice in all America raised in protest. What does it mean? Is the soul and intellect as well as the body of men of 1861-1865 still held in submission by the conquering armies of Grant and Sherman?

Let truth be submitted to intelligent men.

Washington fought for liberty and independence, founded on the American idea of government, as declared in the Declaration of Independence, the "consent of the governed."

Lincoln carried on a war of subjugation against many millions of his countrymen, destroying their liberty, and forcing a government upon them without their consent.

Washington fought for Anglo-Saxon liberty; Lincoln for giving liberty to Africans, which was a curse to them. To-day the United States are claiming to be a nation of 25,000,000 of people, for disguise it as we may, the people of the Confederate States are only free in name and as a matter of courtesy. And this new idea of American government has for its paternity Abraham Lincoln.

The plea that Lincoln fought to save the Union is a false one, known to be so by all men who are familiar with the political events preceding the War of 1861. But this is accepted by a younger generation, who take Northern versions of the matter.

It is painful to think that the Southern people are ready to submit to this deification of Lincoln, and by their silence assent that Abraham Lincoln is on the same plane with Washington, and that such men as Jefferson, Jackson and others are the inferior of such a man as Abraham Lincoln.

N. B. SHEPARD.
Columbia, Tenn., March 8, 1909.

Stuart's Last Battle. Editor Confederate Column: Sir,—I am a dear lover of anything

Attention Sick Women

If you had positive proof that a certain remedy for female ills had made many remarkable cures, would you not feel like trying it?

If during the last thirty years we have not succeeded in convincing every fair-minded woman that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has cured thousands and thousands of women of the ills peculiar to their sex, then we long for an opportunity to do so by direct correspondence. Meanwhile read the following letters which we guarantee to be genuine and truthful.

Paterson, N. J.—"But for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I would not be alive to-day for I was a miserable sufferer for four or five years. The doctors said it was Change of Life and I suffered untold agonies."

"I had read that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was good for female troubles so started to take it. I found great relief at once, and to-day I am a well woman. I thank Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for it, and gladly recommend it to any woman suffering from Change of Life or female troubles."—Mrs. Wm. Somerville, 195 Hamburg Ave., Paterson, N. J.

Melbourne, Ia.—"I am thankful for the great good Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done me. I suffered many years from chronic inflammation and bearing down pains and was unable to do any work."

"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound restored me to health after all other means had failed, and to-day I am a living advertisement for it."—Mrs. Clara Watermann, R. D. No. 1, Melbourne, Iowa.

There is absolutely no doubt about the ability of this grand old remedy, made from the roots and herbs of our fields, to cure female diseases. We possess volumes of proof of this fact, enough to convince the most skeptical.

For 30 years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been the standard remedy for female ills. No sick woman does justice to herself who will not try this famous medicine. Made exclusively from roots and herbs, and has thousands of cures to its credit.

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health free of charge. Address Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass.



LYDIA E. PINKHAM

specially riles Comrade Shepard is the persistent effort on the part of our Northern friends to place Lincoln on the same plane with Washington. He need trouble himself, however, no two men in all history were more essentially unlike in character, temperament, aims and ideals than Abraham Lincoln and George Washington, and no amount of suppression, perversion and attempts at "benevolent assimilation" can place the two men in the same historical category. Comrade Shepard must remember, too, that it is natural, if not commendable, in the North to idealize Mr. Lincoln, and to make their gods out of the best men of the time.

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remarked: "I am done for, but my men must not know it; put me on my horse and keep me there." He and the young officer put him on the horse and rode one on either side, holding him there, while he continued to give orders and cheer his men until the young officer, who was a member of the First Virginia, took him off the field. It was from this account that the young officer and this other man were all the friends General Stuart had on that occasion. Not a member of his staff, not even a courier, was present to render him any aid. Now this man gives the First Virginia Regiment the credit of routing Custer. If he had said a fresh regiment came upon the scene and drove him no one would have known what regiment it was, but when he designated the First, he gives himself away, for I know the First was not engaged during the day, and will show you after a little. I dislike to rob the First Virginia of any of its laurels, especially as I was a member of it myself, but truth is mighty, and should prevail now. This anti-Confederate man saw General Stuart shot in a little history written by Miss McGill for the use of schools she says he was shot by a man who took rest on an iron fence. Now, such things will do to make a man, but they won't do for old salts, for I will assert, without fear of contradiction that there is not a man living, or one that has ever lived, who could tell who shot General Stuart. Now for the proof. When Sheridan left Spotsylvania Courthouse for Richmond he took what was called the Old Mountain Road. Stuart was soon in pursuit, having several encounters with his rear guard, in one of which Colonel Munford, with the Second Virginia, captured fifty prisoners. Finding he could accomplish nothing by following in his rear, he took a road east of him running parallel with the Mountain Road, but some distance from it, and that came into the Brook Road some distance, but I don't know how far, from Yellow Tavern, as I never saw him, and by making a forced march, he reached Yellow Tavern in advance of Sheridan. He turned on the Mountain Road to meet him, but didn't have to go far, for he was very near on time. Hampton's division engaged them, that being in front of William Wirt's Brigade, which was marching in the rear, heard the firing, instead of going on to the tavern, turned to the right across the angle formed by the two roads.

The Second, Third and Fourth Regiments were hurried on in the direction of the firing, while the First was left on the Brook Road, formed in line facing the road, and about fifty yards from it, to be in readiness in case our men were driven down that road, to strike them on the flank. The side failed to turn that way. Then after the firing had ceased entirely on all parts of the field, one squadron of the First Virginia, commanded by Captain Kirk Hammond, was sent in the direction of the tavern, hoping to draw them into the trap. In a very short time, as was heard in that direction, and I, being an orderly sergeant and not confined to the ranks, except on the march, rode a short distance to the edge of a piece of pine that shielded our position from view to make some observations, but found I could see nothing, the pines were so dense.

I had been there but a short time when General Stuart rode up. We were standing in three feet of each other, when a sudden bend in the road threw us exactly in range of the enemy's guns. The balls were coming thick and fast. I left for two reasons—one was I didn't consider it all healthy there; the other was in case the enemy pursued far enough my place was with my comrades. I had hardly gotten to my place in ranks when Captain Hammond's squadron came past us at full speed, with the enemy mixed up with them. The captain had been killed. I saw one Yankee, with the men bareheaded, on foot, not seeming to realize his situation at all. But when he found he was in the wrong paw he fell as if shot, and rolled over in a ditch by the roadside. I remarked to one of my comrades that that fellow was playing possum; that he was not shot, and was just trying to make his escape. He rode down and found it as I had said, and took his carbine and shot him. The enemy had failed to follow far enough to give us a chance at them. Just then word was passed down the line that General Stuart was wounded, and that Bruce, a member of Captain Dorsey's company from Maryland, had carried him off the field. He was killed just where I had left him; he stood there where he could see the enemy, and he was the only man who knew that all he had to do to say forward, charge, when the time arrived. He knew the First Regiment, for he had trained it from its infancy. He knew the man at the head of it, and that there was none better than Colonel William Wirt. But his plans failed, and he lost his life in waiting to execute them. Now, this is a true account of the manner in which he was killed. The enemy had no knowledge of his presence, for they couldn't be seen twenty steps for the denseness of the woods.

F. J. HADEN.
Company E, First Va. Cavalry.
Union Mills, Fluvanna county, Va., March 2, 1909.

GENERAL MASON WALLACE:
A SISTER'S LOVING TRIBUTE

Mr. Wallace was a native of Madison county, Virginia, having been born at Glen Wallace, on the Rapidan River.

He had served his State well and faithfully from the first inception of the war between the North and South, his company—commanded by the gallant Welch—having been one of the first to go to the protection of Harpers Ferry when attacked by John Brown and his followers. And later, when Virginia seceded from the Union, and the Governor called for troops, his regiment—the Seventh Virginia Infantry—responded at once, and from that time on, for four years of bloodshed and carnage, through the storms of winter and the heats of summer, often suffering privations and hardships untold, he did his part faithfully and bravely, never flinching until those last days around Appomattox. Then came months of cruel prison life. None but Virginians can ever understand what these brave men had to contend against on returning to their dearest homes, broken in heart and in fortune.

But Mr. Wallace, with indomitable courage which was his by inheritance, at once set to work to repair as far as in his power the ravages of war, and with a mother's patience and fortitude met and overcame every difficulty as it arose in his path.

Ten years ago he moved his family from the old home—Glen Wallace—to Charlottesville to educate his children, later to Washington city in order to give his sons better facilities for business.

And it was there, surrounded by his devoted family, that this noble Confederate soldier closed his eyes on earthly scenes, and among the last instructions "as one who wraps the drapery of his couch about him and lies down to pleasant dreams." He was carried back to his boyhood's home and now sleeps beside his kindred under the shadow of the mountains he loved so well.

So closed the days of an upright, honorable and stainless life, one "without fear and without reproach."



The Goods With the Guarantee!

As springtime draws near all things revert to WASH-DAY. We begin to think more about laundry soap, laundry tubs, clothes lines, etc.; and, above all else,

Red Cross Blue.

We have tried to impress upon you the PURITY of our PRODUCTS, and no doubt you are satisfied as to our statement after having tested the goods we advertise. Now, while

Red

CROSS BALL BLUE is not classed with the things you eat, you, nevertheless, want your LAUNDRY done in the best possible manner, and, therefore, want all things connected therewith PURE. We can safely say that our RED

Cross

BALL BLUE is ABSOLUTELY PURE. NO ADULTERATION. It is an article of GENUINE MERIT. It will delight your laundress and make your clothes CLEAN and WHITE. One package of RED CROSS

Ball

BLUE will WASH MORE CLOTHES than 20 cents' worth of ordinary bottle or box Blue. It is prepared from the FINEST ULTRAMARINE, and it is simply BLUE THAT'S ALL

Blue

It is manufactured, recommended and guaranteed by

The Russ Company, South Bend, Ind.

Your washing will be complete if you use our REST WASHING POWDER.

Of course your pantry is still stocked with our

J. E. M. Flour, Brazil Shred Cocoanut, You Know Tea, Crown Chewing Gum, Golden Crown Syrup, Hire's Condensed Milk, Snow Flake Cake, Gold Cake, Etc.

The Goods With the Guarantee!

Kelley & Dudley, 1009-1113 E. Cary St., Richmond, Va.

Let Us Have Peace. We find in the "Confederate Veteran" for March an admirable statement from Mrs. Cornelia Branch Stone, president-general United Daughters of the Confederacy, in regard to the circumstances attending the award of the \$100 prize to the much discussed essay of Miss Christine Boyson. It concludes in these

\$5000 INCASH FREE

FOR THIS SIGNATURE

Se Younger

(This is the Signature)

In addition to redeeming written signatures and coupons bearing my written signature taken from packages of Younger's "Virginia Pride," "Red Cross," and "Challenge Blend" Roasted Coffees at 1 cent for each pound, I will give \$50.00 in CASH to the consumers turning in the largest number by July 1, 1909, distributed as follows:

For the largest number, \$10.00
For the second largest - 9.00
For the third largest - 8.00
For the fourth largest - 7.00
For the fifth largest - 6.00
For the sixth largest - 5.00
For the seventh largest - 3.00
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Return all signatures and coupons to me. Younger's Coffees are the best both from a standpoint of economy and cup quality. If your dealer cannot furnish my Coffees, send his name and I will have you supplied. I sell through dealers only.

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Is Guaranteed to Cure the Liquor Habit or Money Refunded

ORRINE is everywhere recognized as the most successful and reliable home treatment for the cure of the Liquor Habit. It is highly indorsed and praised by thousands of grateful men and women throughout the land.

So uniformly successful has ORRINE been in restoring the victims of the Drink Habit into sober and useful citizens, and so strong is our confidence in its curative powers, that ORRINE stands for this positive guarantee—cure effected or money refunded. The guarantee is in each box.

Read This Letter from CHILDREY DRUG CO.

"We've been selling ORRINE for six years, and it is one of the most satisfactory preparations we've ever sold. As a cure for drunkenness ORRINE is wonderful, and the only one that we've ever seen that actually effects a cure."

ORRINE is prepared in two forms. No. 1 is a potent, tasteless and colorless, can be given secretly in food or drink. ORRINE No. 2, in pill form, is for those who wish to cure themselves.

COSTS ONLY \$1 A BOX

Write for free booklet, "How to Cure Drunkenness" (mailed in plain envelope) by the Orrine Company, Inc., 602 Orrine Building, Washington, D. C. ORRINE mailed in plain sealed wrapper on receipt of price.

ORRINE is sold and recommended by THE CHILDREY DRUG CO., 101 E. Broad Street.

Just Received Extra Fine Lot of

Genuine Smithfield Jowls

Agents for Deerfoot Farm Sausage.

R. L. Christian & Co. 816-818 E. Main Street. Phone 41 and 2768.

Ask for Catalogue.

SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Heart Eating. A perfect remedy for Bile, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature

Can Cancer Be Cured? IT CAN

We want every man and woman in the United States to know what we are doing. We are curing Cancer, Tumors and Chronic Sores without the use of the knife or by X-ray, and are endorsed by the Senate and Legislature of Virginia. PHYSICIANS TREATED FREE.

We Guarantee Our Cures.

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